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TWO VOLUMES

IN ONE.

MEMORIAL POEMS.

The Old School-House;

THE NEW YO
PUBLIC LIBRA
[redacted]
ASTOR, LENOX AN
TILDEN FOUNDATIO
1899.

AND OTHER OCCASIONAL PIECES.

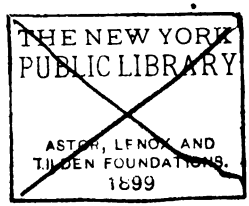
BY

EDMUND TURNEY,

LATE PROFESSOR OF BIBLICAL LITERATURE AND INTERPRETATION IN THE FAIRMOUNT THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

New-York:
W. H. KELLEY & BROTHER,
627 BROADWAY.

1864.



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PREFACE.

THE title of the little volume here given to the public, was not originally, perhaps, so much suggested by its contents, as it has been in a manner transferred from the author's volume of Memorial Hymns. The character and history of the pieces, however, are such as to render it intrinsically entirely appropriate. Some of them are essentially memorial in their obvious design and the nature of the subjects of which they treat, while each of them, with one or two exceptions, is hardly less so in its relations to the experience of the author, as being identified with some significant and memorable event of his life. Whatever relating to their origin, may be of interest to the reader, is sufficiently stated in the Notes which are appended.

It is hoped that as far as they shall come to the attention of the public, they will be found to be promotive of whatever is pure and elevated in the pursuits

and aspirations of human life. In each of them, unless the stanzas on pages 31 and 32 be considered an exception, the mind is led directly to a contemplation of the Source of all blessedness; and the variety of description and reminiscence and reflection and experience which they exhibit, may possibly have the effect to illustrate by how many links a recognition of His attributes and claims is connected with the life and conscious obligation of His rational and accountable creatures.

The style of the poetry, although in each of the pieces will be seen some feature of metre, rhythm or structure, in which it differs from each of the others, is the result not so much of design or study, as of a spontaneous attempt to find the most fitting expression for the thoughts embodied in the composition. This variety of form, while it may possibly be less pleasing to some who are accustomed to look for greater uniformity of diction in poetical works of this description, will, nevertheless, have the advantage of enabling the reader to enter more directly and exactly into the author's conception of the different subjects presented to notice.

New York, 1864.

MEMORIAL POEMS.

THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE.

I.

A score and half of years
And somewhat more had flown,
Whilst I had passed the scenes, the hopes, the fears
Of youth and early manhood, and the cares
And duties of maturer years had known;
And the pure pleasures of domestic life had been my own.

II.

I sought once more the spot
Where the old school-house stood
In childhood days, and from the vacant lot,
As one unconscious of the changes wrought,
Surveyed the rock-bound field, the hill, the wood,
The brook, the glen, and the rough path my infant
feet had trod.

III

There, though the springing grass
Had thick the place o'erspread,
I saw once more the teacher and her class,
As o'er my vision seemed afresh to pass
Each form familiar, though, as time had sped,
Full many a name had found its record with the si-
lent dead.

IV.

Each happy, smiling face,
Each glad, responsive look,
Each sportive game, or well contested race,
In memory's casket now assumed its place,—
The flowers we gathered as we passed the brook,
And, not the least, the lessons learned from the old
spelling-book.—

V.

When, with a joyous pride,
As swift the moments sped,
Within that school-room, seated side by side,
We to our task our little minds applied,
Then each in turn the studied portion said,
Nor ceased till each some lesson from the words of
Christ had read.—

VI

When heart to kindred heart,
In things by childhood loved,
Strove each to show a sympathetic part,
Of which it knew full well the simple art,
And each glad word and kind expression proved
How artless was the joy which o'er the infant spirit
moved.

VII.

I was once more a child;
'T was like some pleasant dream;
And yet I knew it was no fancy wild;
I could not, as I stood, have been beguiled
To think the vision aught it did not seem;
The past in memory's ark had simply floated down
life's stream.

VIII.

I'd found that vacant lot
The key t' unlock the door,
When scenes of earliest childhood, long forgot,
Or which, remembered, had been heeded not,
Each, in its proper place, stood forth once more
In all the freshness and distinctness of the days of yore.

IX.

True, 't was a vision bright
Of joys which could not last;
And yet 't was sweet to linger in the light
Of those first childhood hours, as, on some height,
The toil-worn traveler stops a while to cast
His eye along the way he from some distant point has passed.

X.

I fain would once again
Invoke that pleasing spell,
If but to mark how memory may retain
The distant past,—how scenes which long have lain
All hid and dormant in some secret cell,
May yet spring forth, and with fresh consciousness the bosom swell.

XI.

Nor think those early years
No lessons can impart,
To guide and cheer us onward 'mid the cares
Of sterner life. Our childish hopes and fears,
The purposes we formed, the transient smart
Of grief we felt, were all the throbbings of this self-same heart.

XII.

Nor were the joys we knew,
When, with the infant mind,
We learned to love the kind, the good, the true.
As virtue's image met our transient view,
Within their sphere less useful or refined
Than those which now our souls in firmer ties of friendship bind.

XIII.

Though, like the gentle shower,
They quickly passed and fled,
They blessed with influence sweet the present hour;
A while we felt, nor felt in vain, their power
To nerve our hearts and teach our feet to tread
The narrow path of truth and right, by hope and wisdom led.

ONWARD, BEAUTEOUS STREAM.

(THE OTTA QUECHEE RIVER, IN VERMONT.)

ONWARD, onward, gentle stream!
Onward to thy primal source!
And thy beauteous, sun-light gleam
Still shall mark thy winding course.

Pleasant hills and verdant meads
Wait to greet thee on thy way,
Where the quiet herdling feeds,
Or the bleating lambkins stray.

Now, along thy time-worn bed,
Urge thy gently rippling tide,
Where thy silver rays are shed
On each mirrored mountain side.

Note on page 39.

Now within sequestered banks,
  Thickly lined with quivering trees,
As they rise in snow-white ranks,
  Rustling in the passing breeze.

Or anon, with rapid bound,
  Dashing o'er some rocky height,
Where thy foaming crest is crowned
  With the rainbow's varying light;—

Onward, in their ancient course,
  Waking gladness as they go,
Onward, with resistless force,
  Let thy crystal waters flow.—

Flow, and to each breeze that floats
  Near thy brink, soft music lend,
As thy sweetly varying notes
  With ten thousand voices blend;—

Mingling with the insect's trill,
  Or the wild-bird's sweeter lays,
Where along each spruce-clad hill
  Echoes nature's psalm of praise;—

Answering to the lowing herd,
Or the distant tinkling bell,
Or each sound of leaflets stirred
In the cliff-environed dell.

In the music of thy strain,
Bear thy benefactions on;
And through dale and smiling plain
Freely shall thy gifts be strown;—

Where the wild flower tempts the bee,
Blooming in the deep ravine,—
Where each plant and shrub and tree
Marks thy course in livelier green;—

Where the raven stoops to drink,
Dropping from the mountain's brow,
Or the robin seeks thy brink,
Flitting from the hemlock bough;—

Where his cask the shepherd fills,
'Neath the eddy-sculptured rock,
Or from o'er the sun-parched hills,
Thither brings his panting flock.

Thus shall man and beast and bird,
  Flowers and trees and earth and air,
Of thy varied good conferred
  Each spontaneous witness bear.

Or, by force of human skill,
  Thou shalt other gifts impart,
Rushing o'er the rapid wheel,
  Leaving thousand works of art.

Gift of love and power divine!
  Type and messenger of good!
Glad I would a while recline
  By thy swiftly gliding flood.

In thy waters let me lave,
  Where the pendent willows spring;
Bear me on thy limpid wave;
  Health and vigor may'st thou bring.

Onward, onward, beauteous stream!
  Onward to thy primal source!
And a richer sun-light gleam
  Hence shall mark thy winding course.

LET ME DRINK THE MOUNTAIN AIR.

I.

Let me drink the mountain air,
  Where the pine its fragrance sheds,—
Flee a while corroding care,
  Where the noiseless rabbit treads.
Through the deep sequestered grove,
  O'er the hill-side bleak and bare,
Onward, onward let me rove,
  Drinking still the mountain air.

II.

Up the rugged mountain's brow,
  Higher, higher, higher still,
Clinging to each pendent bough,
  Vying with the huntsman's skill,

Onward, onward let me climb,
Naught of nerve or muscle spare,
Till I reach its top sublime,
Drinking still the mountain air.

III.

Where the lonely summit rock
Smiles to meet the wintry blast,
Or the lightning's fiercer shock,
Let me view the landscape vast.
As its varying light displays
Fields and groves and streamlets fair,
Let me stretch my lingering gaze,
Drinking still the mountain air.

IV.

Let me trace the cascade stream,
Gushing from its rocky font,
As it casts its silvery gleam
O'er the hills of bright Vermont.
Or its cool, refreshing tide,
With the mountain lynx to share,
Let me press its mossy side,
Drinking still the mountain air.

V.

Or, through mingled bush and brake,
Let me reach the winding shore
Of yon placid, spruce-bound lake,
Where the boatman plies his oar.
As he lifts the pendent trout
From its crystal waters fair,
Let me hear his gladsome shout,
Drinking still the mountain air.

VI.

Where the fitful zephyr floats,
Murmuring through the poplar glade,
Or the lambkin's plaintive notes
Issue from the hill-side shade,
Let me hear my Father's voice,
Let me mark His wondrous care,
In His power and love rejoice,
Drinking still the mountain air.

VII.

Let me drink the mountain air,
Where the pine its fragrance sheds,—
Flee a while corroding care,
Where the noiseless rabbit treads.

Through the deep sequestered grove,
O'er the hill-side bleak and bare,
Onward, onward let me rove,
Drinking still the mountain air.

A SABBATH ON THE PRAIRIE.

A Sabbath on the prairie!
So calm and still and bright!
The sun serenely shining
With soft and mellow light—

The mist-cloud gliding slowly
Across the azure sky—
The gently murmuring zephyr
So lightly flitting by—

The flowers their heads uplifting,
Of rich and varied hue,
Or, half concealed, still sparkling
With drops of morning dew—

The cricket's trilling accents—
  The wild bee's harp-string note—
The herd-bell's distant echoes,
  As on the breeze they float—

All speak of boundless goodness,
  Of power and skill Divine;
All tune Jehovah's praises,
  Or with His glory shine.

Within this sky-encurtained,
  Horizon-bounded dome,
This bright and glorious temple,
  Where love and beauty bloom,—

Where signs of truth and grandeur
  Their Author's name declare,
I lift my heart in worship,
  I bow my soul in prayer.

GRAND PRAIRIE,
Marion Co., Ill., Aug. 27, 1860.

THOUGHTS OF GOD.

I.

I love, when the sun is bright,
To look forth from the mountain side,
And view, in its noon-day light,
The face of the landscape wide.
I love, in the clear, still night,
To look forth on the star-lit arch,
And gaze, as its orbs of light
Move on in majestic march.
I think of a Power on high,
Enrobed in an unseen light,
As I see, through the earth and sky,
These proofs of a boundless MIGHT.

II.

I love, from the leaf-clad trees,
To look forth on the fruitful plain,

The rhythm in these stanzas, although slightly uneven, has been adopted with special reference to its adaptation to Music of an easy, flowing movement.

As wave in the summer's breeze
The meadows and ripening grain;—
Or to list to each joyous sound
Which breaks on the echoing air,
As the woods and the fields resound
With hymns to some bounteous care.
As I pass o'er the verdant lea,
As I roam through the pathless grove,
I think that in all I see
Are proofs of a boundless LOVE.

III.

Yet sweeter and lovelier far,
In the hope of release from sin,
Is the light of the Morning Star,[a]
As it beams on the soul within.
'T is the pledge of a glorious day,
At the close of the Christian's strife,
As it points with unerring ray
To the bliss of an endless life.
I exult in that wondrous plan
Which shows in Immanuel's face,
In the work He hath wrought for man,
The proofs of a boundless GRACE.

[a] REV. 22: 16.

THE METEOR.*

'T was here that the meteor broke,
And scattered its fragments athwart;
Here fell the aerial rock,
In the plat of mine infancy's sport.

For a moment it spread o'er the night
The dazzling effulgence of noon;
It had suddenly gleamed on the sight;
It faded and vanished as soon.

* The following stanzas are introduced as a section from "Reminiscences" of some of the scenes and incidents pertaining to the home of the author's childhood. Their reference to a phenomenon of most extraordinary character, and the moral lesson not unnaturally drawn from it in the completion of the picture, will probably be regarded as sufficient to justify their insertion in their present connection. It is hoped their form will be found to be not unsuited to the nature of the facts treated of. It was the aim of the author, in the use of a natural, easy rhythm, which should be well sustained throughout, to secure the truthfulness and clearness of description which properly pertains to the *narrative* style. Any thing beyond this might have been deemed superfluous. The historical facts referred to, will be found more fully stated on page 41.

But, though passing from view as it broke,
It scarcely was lost to the eye,
Ere more than the thunder's loud shock
Announced its descent from the sky.

How swiftly it sped on its course,
As if naught could its progress arrest—
Till,—increasing each moment in force,—
It sank deep to the place of its rest.

How oft with mine infantile mind,
As my parents the story rehearsed,
I fancied some trace I could find
Still left at the point where it burst.

And how oft did the query arise,
'Whence, whence could this visitant come?
Or why should this Child of the skies
Thus seek on our planet a home?

What laws had its action controlled
Where none its dark pathway could trace?
Or how long, all unseen, had it rolled
Through the depths of etherial space?

What cause could its motion disturb
In that region, unknown, whence it came?
Or why should, on its course, the dark orb
So suddenly burst into flame?'

As thus I intently revolved
These thoughts,—which I could not restrain,—
Though the mystery was left still unsolved,
I found not my querying vain.

I thought how the wisdom of God
The whole system of nature had planned,
And how wide might be scattered abroad
These wonderful works of His hand;—

How—much, which no eye had discerned,
No process of science could trace,
Was yet in reserve to be learned
In the kingdoms of nature and grace;—

How our planet, which ne'er from its course
Since the morn of creation had swerved,
Urged on by centrifugal force,
Yet safe in its circuit preserved,—

Might yet by some cause, all unknown
  Save to Him from whose fiat it came,
From the path of its orbit be thrown,
  And wrapped in an ocean of flame;—

How narrow the sphere of our sight,
  While beyond lay a limitless field,
All rayless except for the light
  Of that truth in the Scriptures revealed.'

These thoughts of my childhood and youth,
  Their impress have left on my mind;
I still love that pure system of truth
  Which alone in the Scriptures I find.

I love it for what it reveals
  Of God's wise and mysterious plan;
I love it for what it conceals
  From the gaze of presumptuous man.

With a firm and unwavering faith
  I will walk in its soul-cheering light,
Till I pass the dark valley of death,
  And faith shall be turned into sight.

IN THE LAND OF MY EXILE.*

In the land of my exile I sigh for release;
I sigh for the scenes and the pleasures of h o m e;
Oh! when will this wearisome sojourning cease?
Away from each loved one, how long must I roam?

I think of the days and the scenes that are past,
Of the smiles of the home I once claimed as my own—
How long must this wearisome sojourning last?
How long must I wander and struggle alone?

Each change of the seasons, each fruit and each flower
Brings sadness and pain to my desolate heart,

*A sufficient explanation of allusions in the three following pieces, to facts and incidents in the experience of the writer, as also of the circumstances which have led to the publication of the pieces in their present form, may be found in the Note on page 45.

As I watch, but in vain, for the long promised hour
Which, announcing my freedom, should bid me depart.

The leaves of the autumn have withered and gone;
The snows of the winter have fallen and passed;
The spring-flowers in beauty and fragrance have blown;
And the midsummer days are now fleeing as fast.

Oh! when will this wearisome sojourning cease?
Away from my loved one, how long must I roam?
In the land of my exile I sigh for release;
I sigh for the scenes and the pleasures of home.

Yet, Lord, in Thy goodness I still may rejoice,
In the land of my sojourn still trust in Thy name,
As I pause on the mountain to list to Thy voice,
Proclaiming Thy love from the midst of the flame.

In the faith of Thy promise my strength is renewed;
In the midst of the darkness Thy light is revealed;
Thou 'givest Thy grace,' and 'withholdest no good;'
Thou still, O my God, art my 'Sun' and my 'Shield.'

THE LINGERING.

The leaves of the autumn are fading;
The last flowers of summer have blown;
The vintage is ripened and gathered;—
And I still am an exile alone.

My kindred are far o'er the mountain;
No home friend or loved one is near;
In the patience of hope I have lingered
Through eleven weary months of the year.

I have trodden the pathway of sorrow;
The pressure of want I have known;
In poverty's vale I have struggled,—
Have struggled and labored alone.

The volumes which once lay before me,
So familiar and dear to my eye,
Are now scattered and gone to the stranger,—
Their places I ne'er shall supply.

With sad and yet mingled emotion
My spirit has turned to the past,
When the home-smile of hope and of gladness
O'er each scene of my labor was cast;—

When the light-beaming eye of affection
From my partner in joy and in grief,
So swift, for each pang of my spirit,
Came fraught with unfailing relief;—

When the harp-string of thought and emotion,
All tuned with the vigor of youth,
Was strung on each bright Sabbath morning,
To sound forth the sweet message of truth;—

When that message, in accents unbroken,
To loved pupils I sought to unfold
Through the language the Spirit had spoken
By apostles and prophets of old.

Oh! when, from my exile returning,
Shall I flee to my loved one away?
My spirit here lingers with yearning—
How long must the moment delay?

Or how long shall the harp-string lie broken?
When again shall its echoes be heard,
By the aid of the Spirit proclaiming
His precious and life-giving word?

My Father, with patient submission,
I thankfully bow to Thy will;
I repose on Thy promise of mercy;
I trust in Thy providence still.

In the proofs of Thy goodness rejoicing,
Alike in the sunshine and storm,
Whate'er be the labor assigned me,
That labor I gladly perform.

SEPT. 26, 1860.

THE RETURN.

Bear me onward, bear me onward,
To the home where loved ones dwell;
Tender thoughts of sweet re-union,
Every anxious care dispel.

Like the lone dove, o'er the mountain,
From its prison bars set free,
To the hearts that wait to greet me,
From my exile let me flee.

Autumn's rich and beauteous grandeur
Brightly bursts upon my sight;
But in vain it bids me linger;
Naught can check my onward flight.

Why should passing scenes detain me?
Bring they aught which seemeth new?
All, within these weary twelve months,
Oft has passed before my view.—

Oft I've traced these winding valleys
Where the mountain streamlets flow;
Oft have seen these lofty summits
Robed in winter's drifting snow;—

Oft have marked the spring-time verdure
Richly mantling hill and plain,
Or these fields, in summer's sunlight,
Waving with the ripened grain.

Glad I leave them now behind me,
Mountains, valleys, streamlets, all,—
Bear me onward, bear me onward
To the home where loved ones call.

GOD SAVE OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG.

I.

God save our Country's flag!
  Long may it wave
In triumph o'er the free,
  The noble, brave,—
The sign of Liberty
  Our fathers gave!

II.

God save our Country's flag!
  No traitor hand
May hurl it from its place;
  No rebel band
May trail it in disgrace
  O'er this fair land.

III.

God save our Country's flag!
With colors bright
Still may it float afar
In heaven's pure light!
By every stripe and star,
God speed the right!

The foregoing simple stanzas are associated, in their original publication, with the first uprising of the nation to resist the present rebellion. They were suggested in connection with the raising of the flag of Fort Sumpter, at Union Square, New York, on the memorable 20th of April, 1861. The reference to the flag of the country, as the "sign of liberty," bequeathed by our fathers, is intended as a recognition of its original, historical connection with the avowal and promulgation of the national faith as set forth in the Declaration of Independence. In the preservation of the authority or government which it represents, we may hope for the perpetual recognition as well as the more perfect realization of the self-evident principles in the annunciation of which the nation had its origin, and by which it sought to be distinguished.

AN EXTRACT.*

There's naught in earth or sea or sky,
  By Love devised or Wisdom wrought,
To please the taste or charm the eye,
  Or light the hidden realm of thought,—
There's not a joy or hope or fear,
  From worldly pride and avarice free,
But utters in my listening ear
  Some strain of sacred Poesy.

I hear it in the insect's trill;
  I hear it in the thunder's roar;
I hear it in the mountain rill;
  I hear it on the ocean shore.

* From an unfinished poem on the relations of Poetry to Nature and Life.

I hear it where the whirlwind's power
  Sweeps on with desolating wrath,
And giant oak and massive tower
  Lie prone and shattered in its path.

I hear it where the flitting breeze,
  Along the bank of woodland lake,
Scarce whispers through the pendent trees,
  Or moves a leaflet of the brake.—

Nor less on some lone mountain height,
  Where, far from sound of beast or bird,
Beneath the sunbeams' noiseless light,
  Not e'en a fir-tree branch is stirred.
Oh! the deep music of the scene,
  As o'er the landscape far and wide,
With joy ecstatic yet serene,
  My thoughts in hallowed musings glide!
Each beauteous form in light or shade,—
  The hill-side clad with ripened grain,—[a]
The pastures through the winding glade,—
  The groves which skirt the checkered plain,—
The forest ridge, whose cliff-line top
  Is seen above the gathering shower,—

[a] See Note on page 47.

The flocks which dot the distant slope,—
  The farm-house in its cultured bower,—
The hamlet with its temple spire,
  Beside the streamlet's silvery flood,—
Are strings in nature's wondrous lyre,
  All vocal with the praise of God.

NOTES.

Note A.

The poem on pages 10–13, written in 1859, relates to the beautiful stream called the *Otta Quechee River*, which rises in the Green Mountains in Central Vermont, and, after a winding course of some forty miles, falls into the Connecticut at North Hartland. The scenery along its course, in its variety of mountain and plain, woodland and meadow, and in its numerous water-falls, ravines, excavations in the rocks, etc., presents many points of exceeding interest and beauty. Among the forest trees along its banks may be seen the white birch, intermingling its leaves with those of the white poplar, and supplying in its snow-white trunk and branches, a striking feature in the landscape.

A mountain river is a beautiful emblem of a Christian life, now sending out its enlivening and refreshing influence, unseen and in silence, and known in its progress only by its effects, now bursting into view, and

shedding its reflected light and beauty far and wide over the landscape, now pressing on in its mission of good with steady and uniform and unruffled movement, now struggling with the obstacles which may lie in its pathway, and never content till it has surmounted or passed them, ever active, ever useful, ever becoming a source of delight and exhilaration to those who come within the reach of its influence, and perpetually hastening on to the great fountain whence it originally derived its existence. It will require but a slight effort of the imagination to transfer the address, in the recitation of the lines, from the material to the ideal.

The lines headed, "Let me drink the mountain air," on pages 14–17, were suggested by scenes and incidents and facts which came within the observation and experience of the writer, while spending a few days in the heart of the Green Mountains, in the summer and autumn of 1859. During the time, he ascended Killington Peak, which lies, in the midst of the unbroken wilderness, some eight miles east from Rutland, reaching the height of more than 3000 feet, and terminating, as seen from the west, in a bald rock, which rises far above the intervening forests. Near the foot of this mountain, toward the north, is a beautiful lakelet, frequently resorted to on excursions for fishing.

Note B.

The stanzas on pages 22–25, composed on occasion of a recent visit of the writer to the home of his childhood, in Easton (formerly Weston,) Ct., relate to a remarkable phenomenon which occurred at that place, on the morning of the 14th of December, 1807. A little before day, a meteoric stone of vast magnitude, presenting the appearance of a globe of fire of intense brilliancy, was seen by many individuals in different parts of the township, passing with great velocity through the heavens, until, when near the zenith, it suddenly vanished from sight and exploded, scattering its fragments over an area of many miles in circuit. One of these fragments, which was seen in its descent by Mr. Elihu Staples, and which fell in an enclosure near his residence, was estimated by Prof. Silliman to have weighed two hundred pounds. Many others, in some instances imbedded at a considerable depth in the earth, were found in various localities. One was soon after deposited in the cabinet of Yale College, where it is now to be seen. A small fragment is also in the possession of the writer. It is possible, however, that of the whole mass, falling, for the most part, in forests and swamps and other unfrequented places, but a small portion was ever discovered.

Prof. Silliman in a recent letter addressed to the writer, says: "Your reminiscences of the Weston (now Easton) meteor, revive that subject in my mind very vividly, although more than fifty years have passed since in company with my late friend, Prof. Kingsley, I explored the facts at the places where they occurred. It was a magnificent phenomenon, and remains to this day among the most remarkable occurrences of the kind that are on record."

The description in the stanzas, may be considered sufficiently exact to serve the purpose of the allusion, even though it be assumed, according to the commonly accepted theory, apparently established by the facts as observed, that the body of the meteor, after entering the atmosphere, and depositing portions of its substance on the earth, passed on in its course through the heavens. On any supposition, an unusual, extraneous disturbing force must be admitted. And that such disturbing forces, whether from without or from within, are impossible in respect to the larger heavenly bodies, it is clearly beyond the province of science to affirm.

Very much relating to the origin and movements of the meteoric bodies which occasionally come within the limits of our atmosphere, or fall to the surface of the earth, is yet involved in mystery; and, from the nature of the case, it would seem it must ever remain so. Very little beyond conjecture has been attained since Prof. Silliman, in connection with his description of the Weston meteor, remarked concerning the theory propounded by himself: "Yet there are such objections to

this and every other hypothesis, that, until we have more facts and better observation, the phenomenon must be considered as in a great measure inexplicable." It will be claimed by few, that, in the general facts and laws pertaining to the planetary system, as commonly recognized by astronomy, there is anything which would originally *suggest* the existence of these meteoric stones, flying through the unknown depths of space, in lines crossing each other at very different angles, and such as to bring them into contact with the atmosphere or body of the earth. Perhaps, aside from their occasional *actual appearance*, we should not hesitate to assume, if not the impossibility, at least the extreme improbability of their existence. Nor is it for us to determine how many other things which the known facts of science might not suggest, are, even as related to the physical universe, within the range of the products and possibilities of infinite creative Power.

The facts discoverable by science are, within their sphere, in perfect harmony with the truths of Revelation. Indeed, many of them, relating, not only to the innumerable constantly recurring proofs of beneficent d e s i g n in every part of the creation, but to the very origin of the earth in its present form, its external and internal structure, its wonderful original adaptation to the wants and obvious destiny of man in the progress of his history, and, not the least, the very capacity of man to investigate these facts, by which he is separated, and this by an impassable barrier, at an immeasurable distance from the brute creation, furnish an additional

and most interesting confirmation of these truths, and unite with the latter in teaching the importance of having our minds and hearts brought into conscious sympathy with what, even aside from revelation, we intuitively recognize as the moral nature of God. His government over those whom, in the very structure and operation of their minds, He has made accountable, is, in the actual administration of it, a moral government. Viewing man as he is, we see in the gospel, with its revelations of spiritual truth, and its proffered blessings of grace, a provision not less adapted to the conscious wants and higher aspirations of his spiritual nature, than is the earth with its products, to his physical necessities.

If, even within the physical world, there are phenomena which the ordinary known course of physical nature might not lead us to expect, which, apart from their actual occurrence, we might, perhaps, pronounce incredible, what so natural as that, pertaining to man's higher sphere of existence, the world of intellectual and moral and spiritual ideas, hopes, fears, experiences, relations, in which in reality he chiefly lives, we should find in the revelation of God that which is adapted to its necessities? It is only as man walks in the light of this revelation, and in sympathy with its requirements, that he walks truly, in a manner becoming his nature, and in a manner which gives conscious composure and satisfaction to that nature.

Note C.

Neither of the three pieces on pages 26–33, might have found a place in the present volume, except for a circumstance connected with the publication of the first entirely beyond the author's control. Soon after it was written, in the summer of 1860, it was handed to a dear friend for his personal perusal; and by him it was inserted in the *Cincinnati Gazette*. Having been subsequently copied into several other periodicals in different parts of the country, it had presently become fully the property of the public, in a manner to the author as unexpected as it was unsought. The two pieces which follow, are but the complement of the first, and are, in some sense, necessary to its proper explanation. Their publication in the form in which they are here given, can do no harm; and as the facts and experience referred to, have a direct relation to the author's more public life, this expression of them may possibly not be unwelcome to those who may have been interested, either directly or indirectly, in his former labors.

The stanzas published in the Cincinnati Gazette, and which are here inserted as they were originally written, were introduced by the following editorial remark: "The following touching lines will find a

response in many a heart which sighs after an absent friend." They are, however, the expression of emotions excited in contemplation, not so much of absence from home friends, as of the circumstances which rendered that absence peculiarly trying and painful. Unable to prosecute his accustomed labors by an affection of the vocal organs, unexpectedly cut off from an anticipated source of income with which the labors of former years had been identified, and left as the result with ill health in circumstances of great destitution and embarrassment, the writer had hoped, by protracting his sojourn at the West, to avail himself of means to gain some more favorable standing point with regard to the future. A contemplated absence from home friends at the East of a few weeks, was thus prolonged to a whole year. During this time, sickness on the one hand, and the multiform pressure of poverty, on the other, conjoined with a felt want of all that is expressed by the word h o m e, and, more than all, perhaps, the ever present consciousness of a suspension, in the prime of manhood, of the loved employment of former years, the chosen work of his life, were ingredients in his cup of trial which did not fail to give it the savor of bitterness. It is with emotions of inexpressible gratitude and joy, however, that he records the fact that amidst these days of external darkness, he has, for the most part, possessed the delightful consciousness that the light of the Divine love has not ceased to shine full and bright upon his pathway.

Note D.

The author does not doubt that most perhaps all of the objects which he has presented in the last ten or twelve lines of the "Extract" printed on pages 35–37, as illustrations of the thought expressed at the close, have often been separately referred to for various purposes, and with various description, by writers in poetry and in prose, in portraying the features of a landscape. He does not perceive, however, that he ought on this account to be deterred from using them for the specific purpose for which they are here summoned, and with such description as may seem to him at once the most comprehensive and the most suggestive of pleasant memories and reflections. There may be, moreover, in addition to the general construction or form of the passage, somewhat in the grouping, the passing from the inanimate to the animate, the domestic, the social, the sacred, as well as in the drapery which is thrown over the representation as a whole, and possibly in some unusual features of description, which will present a rural landscape, as viewed from the summit of a lofty mountain, in some new aspects of beauty and interest. It was mostly, however, irrespective of any such incidental effect, that the author aimed at calling to his service those objects which, as pictured on his recollection, pre-

sented themselves as the most appropriate,—partly as being the most prominent and striking, and the most pleasing in their associations,—as they were related to the main purpose of the allusion.

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MEMORIAL HYMNS;

OR,

Songs in the House of my Pilgrimage.

BY

EDMUND TURNEY,

Late Professor of Biblical Literature and Interpretation in the Fairmount Theological Seminary.

"THY STATUTES HAVE BEEN MY SONGS IN THE HOUSE OF MY PILGRIMAGE."
PSALM 119 : 54.

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PREFACE.

Most of the hymns on the following pages, were gathered by their author into a manuscript volume as early as the year 1860, and were at that time submitted for examination to a number of his esteemed friends of different Christian denominations, whose names are widely and favourably known to the public; and, as the result, he was strongly urged to take measures for their publication. The heading first used in connection with the manuscript, has been retained as the title of the published work. It is designed to designate the pieces as hymns of personal experience. Most of them are to their author as so many memorials or way-marks along the journey of life; and on each, in his apprehension of them, is inscribed, as with the finger of Divine love and faithfulness, "Eben-ezer." That they may be variously useful to others, as expressions of the emotions naturally

pertaining to a Christian experience, is his sincere desire and prayer; although he is aware they can never possess for another the peculiar interest and preciousness with which they are invested in his own mind.

The hymns relating to particular occasions or to special objects of Christian labor, which are inserted at the close of the volume, will not, it is hoped, be unwelcome in such a connection. They may serve as an additional indication of the inseparable relation of a proper apprehension of the truths and privileges of Christianity, to the activities of the Christian life.

New York, 1864.

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MEMORIAL HYMNS.

THE HALLOWED MORN.

"I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day."—Rev. 1 : 10.

Oh! sweet the hallowed morn
On which the Saviour rose!
I hail thy quiet dawn,
Thy calm and blest repose:
I cast away each worldly care,
To spend thine hours in praise and prayer.

My heart would fain prolong,
In accents sweet and loud,
That primal Sabbath song,
When all the sons of God
In full, harmonic concert sang
His love from whom creation sprang;—

Or, in diviner strain,
With all the heavenly choir,
The bright, seraphic train,
Attune anew the lyre
In praise to Him, my living Head,
Who rose triumphant from the dead.

In sweet and grateful lays,
I touch the sounding chord;
I sing His power and grace;
I trust his faithful word,
Nor doubt His resurrection love
Will bring me to His rest above.

HOME IN HEAVEN.

"We have here no continuing city, but we seek one to come."—Heb. xiii: 14.

Sweet thought! this world is not my home!
This scene of toil, and care, and strife!
I press to reach, beyond the tomb,
The bliss of an immortal life.—

Where joy, unsullied and serene,
Shall round me cast its living light,
Nor cloud nor veil e'er intervene
To hide my Saviour from my sight;—

Where the sweet glories of His face,
Shall open to my ravished view
The mystery of redeeming grace,
In forms of love for ever new.

Then let me be a stranger here;
I would not find on earth my rest,
But haste, with aim and zeal sincere,
To gain the mansions of the bless'd.

ALL IS LIGHT.

"In Thy light shall we see light."—Ps. 36: 8.

WHAT though storm-clouds gather round me,
Hovering darkly o'er my way?
While I see the cross of Calvary
Beaming with celestial ray,
All is light, all is light!

What though mortal powers may falter?
Earthly plans and prospects fail?
With a heaven-born hope which entereth
E'en to that within the veil,
All is light, all is light!

What though all my future pathway
Be from mortal sight concealed?
With the love of Jesus glowing,
As it lies to faith revealed,
All is light, all is light!

E'en though death's deep vale before me
Seem o'erspread with thickest gloom,
While I see a heavenly radiance
Bursting from beyond the tomb,
All is light, all is light!

HOPE IN THE LORD.

"Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise Him for the help o countenance."—Ps. 42: 5.

HOPE in the Lord, my soul,
Nor let thy courage fail;
Though strong the billows roll,
His power controls the gale:
The self-same hand which bore the ark
High o'er the flood, directs thy bark.

Hope in the Lord, my soul,
Howe'er with grief oppressed;
He makes the stricken whole;
He gives the troubled rest:
What balm His words of grace impart,
To sooth and cheer the wounded heart!

Hope in the Lord, my soul,
Though dark thy way appear;
Press onward to the goal;
Dispel each doubt and fear:
Along the path of life and light
His hand will guide thy steps aright.

Hope in the Lord, my soul,
Though sin its claims assert;
Let faith thy fears control;
Let faith its power exert
To lead thee to the Lamb of God
To bathe thee in His cleansing blood.

Hope in the Lord, my soul,
Through all thine earthly strife.
Did He thy name enroll
Within the book of life?—
And wilt thou now distrust His love
To bring thee to thy home above?

Hope in the Lord, my soul,
E'en in that fearful day,

When, folded as a scroll,
The heavens shall pass away:
Survey the scene with joy and peace,
Accepted in His righteousness.

OH! LET ME LIVE TO THEE!

"That they who live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him who died for them and rose again."—2 Cor. 5: 15.

OH! let me live to Thee!
O Thou in whom I live!
The life Thou givest me
To Thee again I give:
Henceforth I live to Thee alone;
My heart and service are Thine own.

Oh! let me live to Thee!
Thou Source of every good!
Thou freely gav'st for me
Thine own most precious blood:

The purchase of that blood is Thine;
Thy cross alone is henceforth mine.

Oh! let me live to Thee!
'Tis only then I live;
Naught else in human life
Can pure contentment give.
How lightly has each burden pressed
Since Thou didst give my spirit rest!

Oh! let me live to Thee
Whilst mortal life remains!
And when through death my soul
Some higher sphere attains,
Then, with my chains forever riven,
Oh! let me live to Thee in heaven!

[A maiden daughter, while sitting by the bed-side of her only surviving parent, as she was breathing her last, exclaimed, in the intensity of her grief, "Mother, what shall *I* do when *you* are gone?" "Cling to Jesus," was the response of the aged pilgrim. The incident coming to the knowledge of the writer, who had formerly been pastor of the church of which these excellent sisters were members, the following lines were sent to the survivor.]

CLING TO JESUS.

"I, the Lord thy God, will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee."—Isa. 41:13. "My soul followeth hard after Thee: Thy right hand upholdeth me."—Ps. 63:8.

CLING to Jesus! He will guide thee
Safely through the storms of life;
Fearless tread life's rugged pathway,
Though with ills and dangers rife.
Naught can harm thee while thy Shepherd
O'er thee holds His shielding rod;
Naught shall harm thee, for thou passest
Where the glorified have trod.

Cling to Jesus 'mid the wrestling
  Of temptation's darkest hour!
He will bring thee through the conflict;
  He will break the tempter's power.
All-sufficient, in thy weakness,
  Shall His power and mercy prove,
While, with tenderest care, He gently
  O'er thee spreads His wing of love.

Cling to Jesus! In His fullness
  All thy wants shall be supplied;
Though all earthly ties be sundered,
  Thou shalt in His love abide.
Soon,—through every toil and danger,
  Safe beneath His watchful eye,—
Soon shalt thou, a pilgrim stranger,
  Reach thy glorious home on high.

GIFTS OF GRACE.

"What hast thou that thou didst not receive?"—1 Cor. 4 : 7.

Oh! what am I, that I should know
The bliss of sins forgiven?—
Should press with hope from things below,
To reach the prize of heaven?

Oh! what am I, that God should deign
My feeble powers t' employ
In work where angels, though in vain,
Might emulate the joy?

Oh! what am I, that on this heart
The power of Christ should rest,
While in the strength His gifts impart,
My soul is fully blest?

Oh! what am I, that I should taste
The sweetness of His love?—
Should find its joys my rich repast,
And all its fullness prove?

Oh! what am I, that I may trust
His faithful promise still?
His sovereign grace is all my boast,
My sole desire His will.

HEAVENLY GUIDANCE.

"I will guide thee with mine eye."—Ps. 32: 8.

FATHER, by Thy tender love,
  Lead me through this world of sin;
While mine eye is fixed above,
  May Thy Spirit dwell within.
'Mid the dangers of the way,
  Let my hope on Thee rely,
While I hear thee gently say,
  "I will guide thee with mine eye."

Let me ne'er in anguish faint,
  At the hidings of Thy face;
Check each rising, sad complaint,
  With the presence of Thy grace.

Should I, where the billows roll,
  See the threatening breakers nigh,
Whisper to my trembling soul,
  "I will guide thee with mine eye.

"Safely o'er life's raging sea
  "I will guide thy tossing bark;
"Still confide the helm to me,
  "Though thy way be rough and dark.
"Till the storms of life shall cease,
  "I will guide thee with mine eye,—
"Guide thee to the port of peace,—
  "Guide thee to thy home on high."

TRUST IN GOD.

"Be not anxious for the morrow."—MAT. 6 : 34.

BE not anxious for the morrow;
Trust thy Father's faithful care;
Cast on Him each rising sorrow;
Thou shalt all His fullness share.

Art thou not thyself the creature
Of His all-providing hand?
Author of thy very nature,
Knows He not its full demand?

Wilt thou, 'mid the boundless treasure
Which His power and love provide,
Doubt that in sufficient measure
All thy wants shall be supplied?

See the fowls! thy heavenly Father
Kindly listens to their cry:
What His hands provide they gather—
Will He not thy need supply?

Lo, the lilly, in its splendor,
Stands the witness of His power!
So His care to thee, more tender,
To thy never-failing dower.

First of all, amid thy striving,
Seek the kingdom of His grace,—
Seek the good, the joy of living
In His heaven-wrought righteousness.

Seek, above all worldly pleasure,
Seek to do His blessed will.—
Need'st thou aught of earthly treasure?
He will all thy wishes fill.

HE WILL STRENGTHEN THY HEART.

"Wait on the Lord; be of good courage; and He shall strengthen thy heart."—Ps. 27 - 14.

Oh! wait on the Lord! He will strengthen thy heart
For the duties and conflicts of life;
Trust thou in the aid which His grace doth impart,
And summon thy soul for the strife.

He will strengthen thy heart for each difficult task
Which His service requires at thy hands;
He invites thee to come, and with confidence ask
For the strength which thy weakness demands.

He will strengthen thy heart when thy foes shall arise,
And against thee their forces combine;
Thou shalt meet them unruffled by fear or surprise,
Arrayed in the armor divine.

He will strengthen thy heart to encounter the cross,
And to bear it with patience and joy;
No reproach or denial of self for His cause
Shall the peace of thy spirit destroy.

He will strengthen thy heart though thy pathway be dark,
And the future all hid from thy sight;
As He guides through the tempest in safety thy bark,
He will cheer thee with 'songs in the night.'

He will strengthen thy heart when,—thy pilgrimage o'er,—
Thou hast reached the dark river of death:
Thou shalt pass through its waves to the opposite shore
With a firm and unwavering faith.

Then wait on the Lord—He will strengthen thy heart
For the duties and conflicts of life;
Thou art safe, in the aid which His grace doth impart,
To meet and encounter the strife.

THE BETTER LAND.

"But now they desire a better country, that is, a heavenly."—Heb. 11 : 1(

Oh! land of joy! where not a tear
Shall dim the eye of perfect faith,—
Where perfect trust excludes all fear,
Beyond the realm of sin and death!

Oh! land of rest! where toil is o'er,—
Where anxious cares and conflicts cease,—
Where restless thoughts obtrude no more
To mar the perfect reign of peace!

Oh! land of holiness and love!
So fair, and beautiful, and bright!
Where all around, beneath, above,
Reflects the perfect law of right!

Hope binds me to this heavenly land
With firm, indissoluble bond,
Whilst yet I wait on Jordan's strand,
To tread the shining fields beyond.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

! send out Thy light and Thy truth; let them lead me."—Ps. 43 : 3.

O Thou, the Fount of light!
Who didst, with piercing ray,
Break through the dark chaotic night,
And bring the primal day!

Wilt Thou with purer light
Through all my spirit shine;
And pour upon my quickened sight
The beams of love divine.

Though not an outward ray
  Be cast around my head,—
Though clouds and darkness o'er my way
  In thickest gloom be spread;—

Yet in the precious light
  Thou dost to faith reveal,
May I, with vision clear and bright,
  Discern Thy blessed will.

May I Thy glory see,
  And mark Thy wise designs,
And know that goodness, full and free,
  Through all the darkness shines.

THE PEACE OF GOD.

"My peace I give unto you."—"And your joy no man taketh from you."—JOHN, 14 : 27; 16 : 22. "And the peace of God which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." —PHIL. 4 : 7.

OH! sacred peace! the peace of God!
The peace His love imparts!
Shed thy sweet influence o'er our life,
And rule and keep our hearts.

Within these sin-distracted minds
Thy blessed reign assert,
And oft as inward tumults rise
Thy healing power exert.

Howe'er the varied scenes of life
Are fraught with care or grief,
'T is thine from every restless thought
To bring a sure relief.

We yield our souls to Thy control,
Thou glorious PRINCE of peace:
Thy reign is life, and light, and joy;
Nor shall its blessings cease.

I LIFT UP MY SOUL UNTO THEE.

"Hear my prayer, O Lord."—"Cause me to know the way wherein I should walk; for I lift up my soul unto Thee."—"Teach me to do Thy will; for Thou art my God."—Ps. 143: 1, 8, 10.

I LIFT up my soul unto Thee,
O Thou of all fullness possessed!
In Thy mercy now smile upon me;
Oh! deign to receive my request.

I ask not for honor or fame;
I ask not for wealth or for power;
I would gladly, despising the shame,
Accept of the cross as my dower.

I ask not for pleasure or ease
  In exchange for this militant strife,
Nor sigh for untimely release
  From the toils and the conflicts of life.

I ask Thee for grace to pursue
  With patience the path of Thy will,—
That the work Thou hast given me to do,
  I may meekly and wisely fulfill.

I ask for the presence and light
  Of Thy life-giving Spirit and love,—
That my steps may be guided aright
  Till I enter the city above.

MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND.

"Thou wilt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward receive me glory."—Ps. 31 : 15 ; 73 : 24.

FATHER, whate'er of grief or toil
Thy love for me has wisely planned,
I would not from my lot recoil,
Since all my times are in Thy hand.

Each trial of my faith shall bind
My heart to Thee with firmer band,
While this sweet thought pervades my mind,
My times are in my Father's hand.

And when, from 'tribulation' free,
Among the 'blood-washed' throng I stand,
Sweet will the recollection be,
My times were all within Thy hand.

WALKING BY FAITH.

"He endured, as seeing Him who is invisible."—Heb. 11 : 27.

FAITH points with clear, unerring light,
Along the narrow road;
It bids us choose the path of right,
And leave the end with God.

'T is not for mortal eye to scan
His unrevealed designs;
Faith trusts the wisdom of His plan,
And on His truth reclines.

It lifts the soul from worldly aims,
To live upon His word;
And in the promised good it claims
It finds its full reward.

Oh! may this faith with reigning power
Possess my inmost soul;
I fain would give each passing hour
To its benign control.

LIVING TO CHRIST.

"The life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me."—Gal. 2 : 20.

JESUS, by Thy precious merit,
Free me from the guilt of sin;
By Thine all-creative Spirit
Form my nature pure within.

Make me humble, make me holy;
May my heart with love o'erflow;
Make me kind and meek and lowly,
As Thou wast while here below.

Humbly on Thy holy altar
  Life, with all its hopes, I lay;
Leave, O, leave me not to falter;
  Help me still to watch and pray.

Following in the path of duty,
  Free from anxious care and strife,
May I serve Thee in the beauty
  Of a pure and heavenly life.

THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM.

"If ye be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above."—"whom the whole family in heaven and earth, is named."—Col. 3: Eph. 3: 15.

JOINT-HEIR with Christ, this world
Is not thy final home;
Thou hast a brighter land in view;
It lies beyond the tomb.

The time thou passest here,
Is for thy journey given;
Soon thou wilt reach thy journey's end,
To spend thy life in heaven.

'T is there thy treasure lies;
'T is there thy friends reside;
'T is there, within thy Father's house,
Thou ever shalt abide.

Then why should things of earth
  Thy constant thoughts employ?
Why loiter in thy heavenly course,
  To find in these thy joy?

Oh! fix thine eye of faith
  On things beyond thy sight,
And press, with quick, determined step,
  To reach that land of light.

Nor think it strange to find
  Thy path a thorny maze;—
This world is not thy place of rest;
  These are thy pilgrim days.

And if thou wouldst at last
  The pilgrim's joy secure,
Thou must the pilgrim's path pursue,
  The pilgrim's toil endure.

Nor wilt thou, when thy soul
  Has gained that world of bliss,
Regret the hardships of thy way,
  Or wish thy sufferings less.

RESPONSE OF GRATITUDE.

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." —Gal. 6: 14.

To Thee, my Saviour and my King,
On whom my hope relies,
To Thee my sinful self I bring,
A living sacrifice.

My heart, responsive to Thy grace,
In Thee shall find its joy;
Thy kingdom and Thy righteousness
Shall all my powers employ.

Why should the world my thoughts engross?
Or claim my constant care?
Why should I shrink to take the cross,
Which Thou Thyself didst bear?

In toil, O, let me find my rest,—
My life, in death with Thee;
Thy conscious love shall make me blest,
Whate'er my lot may be.

HEAVENLY LIGHT.

"Who hath called you out of darkness into His marvellous light.—
1 Pet. 2: 19.

ENWRAPPED in sin's bewildering night,
By darkening tempests driven,
In God alone we find the light
Of peace, and hope, and heaven.

On us His truth benignly gleams,
To guide our souls above;
On us He sheds the radiant beams
Of His forgiving love.

On us His Spirit sweetly shines
With His all-quickening rays;
Love, trust and joy pervade our minds,
And every thought is praise.

O heavenly light! shine o'er our path
While fears and sins annoy;
Led by thy beams, we'll walk by faith
To perfect light and joy.

IN THE HOUSE OF MY PILGRIMAGE.

"Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage. I have remembered Thy name, O Lord, in the night."—Ps. 119 : 54, 55.

In the house of my pilgrimage, Lord,
Thy statutes have been my delight;
I have sweetly reposed on Thy word,
And remembered Thy name in the night.

Thy name is the ground of my hope;
I trust in Thy mercy and truth,—
O Thou who hast holden me up,
And guided my steps from my youth!

In the night of affliction and care
Light beams on my path from above;
Each trial Thou call'st me to bear,
I accept as a token of love.

Attuned to the voice of Thy rod,
My heart shall delight in Thy will,
While I sing of Thy goodness, O God,
In the house of my pilgrimage, still.

HEAVENLY ASPIRATION.

"Let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith."—Heb. 12: 1, 2.

My God, to Thy supreme control,
My all I would resign;
Oh! come and sanctify my soul,
And make me wholly Thine.

Oh! is there aught in earth to lure
My heart from Thee astray?
Soon will its joys, at best impure,
For ever pass away.

Oh! is there aught in self to claim
The love Thou dost require?
Oh! be Thy service all my aim;
Thy will, my sole desire.

Oh! is there aught in sin to tempt
The soul that, once renewed,
Seeks from its power to be exempt,
And find its all in God?

O Jesus! set me wholly free
From earth and self and sin;
Thou only canst complete for me
The work Thou didst begin.

CASTING OUR CARE ON GOD.

"Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you."—1 Pet. 5

CHRISTIAN, dost thou meet with trial?
Is thy path of duty here
Fraught with grief and self-denial?
Are thy prospects dark and drear?—
Let not hope and courage fail thee,
Nor the eye of faith grow dim;
Trust in God, whate'er assail thee,
Casting all thy care on Him—

Him who gave thee life and being,—
Him who orders all thy way,—
Him whose watchful eye, all-seeing,
Guides and guards thee day by day,—

Marks as well the falling sparrow,
As the light-crowned seraphim.—
Go, and tell to Him thy sorrow,
Casting all thy care on Him.

Oh! how rich the consolation
Which this gracious word imparts!
Precious, joyous invitation!
Solace of our burdened hearts!
With thy light, serenely shining,
Sweetly on our spirits beam;
Gently on His breast reclining,
May we cast our care on Him.

IN THE STRENGTH OF THE LORD.

"I will go in the strength of the Lord God."—Ps. 71: 16.

I WILL go in the strength of the Lord,
In the path He hath marked for my feet;
I will follow the light of His word,
Nor shrink from the dangers I meet.
His presence my steps shall attend;
His fullness my wants shall supply;
On Him, till my journey shall end,
My hope shall securely rely.

I will go in the strength of the Lord,
To the work He appoints me to do;
In the joy which His smile shall afford,
My soul shall her vigor renew.

His power will protect me from harm,
  His grace my sufficiency prove;
I will trust His omnipotent arm;
  I will rest in His covenant love.

CONFIDENCE IN SUBMISSION.

"Be still, and know that I am God."—Ps. 46: 10.

How kind the words of truth and grace,
  To each believing, contrite heart!
So fraught with hope and joy and peace,
  And blessings earth could ne'er impart!
"Be not dismayed, whate'er thy lot,
  "Nor faint beneath my chastening rod;
"Rest in my love, and murmur not,—
  "Be still, and know that I am God.

"Though hosts of hell, with secret art,
"Or threatening mien, beset thy path,
"Let faith repel each fiery dart,
"Nor fear to meet their fiercest wrath.
"Fear not to reach the promised land
"Along the way thy Saviour trod;
"Fear not thy Father's guiding hand,—
"Be still, and know that I am God."

SUFFICIENCY IN GOD.

"God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever."—"The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?"—Ps. 73: 26; 27: 1.

O GOD, I will walk in Thy light;
  Thou still art the strength of my heart;
In my weakness I rest in Thy might;
  My trust and my portion Thou art.

Of all upon earth or in heaven
  Thou only shalt fill my desire;
The nature Thy goodness has given,
  Alone to its Source shall aspire.

Whilst devoutly intrusting my soul
  To the power of Thy covenant love,
In Thy strength I will press to the goal,
  For the prize that awaits me above.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME.

"This cup is the new covenant in my blood, which is shed for you." —Luke 22 : 20.

Oh ! love divine ! Oh ! matchless grace !
  Which in this sacred rite
Shines forth, so full, so free, in rays
  Of pure and living light !

Oh ! wondrous death ! Oh ! precious blood !
  For us so freely spilt,
To cleanse our sin-polluted souls
  From every stain of guilt !

Oh ! covenant of life and peace !
  By blood and suffering sealed !
All the rich gifts of gospel grace
  Are here to faith revealed.

Jesus, we bow our souls to Thee,
  Our Life, our Hope, our All,
While we, with thankful, contrite hearts,
  Thy dying love recall.

Oh! may Thy pure and perfect laws
  Be written on our minds,
Nor earth, nor self, nor sin obscure
  The ever radiant lines.

[The four hymns relating to the Christian Sabbath, including the one on pages 7 and 8, are designed to be suggestive of the various delightful and hallowed associations of the day, as contemplated with reference to the past, the present and the future. It is by recalling devoutly in sacred song these associations, that we are led, more effectually, perhaps, than by any other means, habitually to regard the day as "a delight," and thus secure to ourselves the benefit naturally resulting from the proper observance of it as "the LORD'S day."]

THE CHRISTIAN SABBATH.

"And He said unto them, That the Son of man is Lord also of the Sabbath."—Luke 6 : 5.

HOLY Sabbath! Day of rest!
Brightly on our spirits dawn;
God Himself thine hours hath blessed,
While He claims them as His own.

Day on which our Light and Life
Burst the dark, relentless tomb,
Rising Conqueror in the strife,
Casting light o'er all its gloom!

Day of hope and joy and peace!
  Earnest of that promised rest,
When the cares of earth shall cease,
  Nor our sins shall more molest!

May we spend thy sacred hours
  In that sweet and blest employ
Which, inspiring all our powers,
  Brings the light of heavenly joy.—

May we, joyous in our Head,
  View Him, in His deathless love
Pointing, as He leaves the dead,
  To our glorious Rest above.

IN THE SPIRIT ON THE LORD'S DAY.

"I was in the Spirit on the LORD'S DAY, and heard behind me a great voice, as of a trumpet, saying, I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last."—"I am He that liveth, and was dead, and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death."—Rev. 1: 10, 11, 18.

IN the Spirit,—on the Lord's day,—
Let me spend each sacred hour;
Let me feel the quickening influence
Of His resurrection power.
Not to view His heavenly glory
In some rapt, prophetic trance,
But to know His milder presence
In His courts, my spirit pants.

In the Spirit, all-submissive,
Let me seek to know His will,—
Seek for strength to do His pleasure,
And His righteousness fulfill.

Let me view Him as my Saviour,
Once for all enthroned above;
Let me taste anew the sweetness
Of His resurrection love.

In the Spirit let me praise Him
For His free, atoning grace,
While my thankful heart, exultant,
Tunes my voice to sweetest lays,—
Praise Him for the new creation
Through His resurrection given,—
Praise Him for the hope and earnest
Of a glorious rest in heaven.

In the Spirit,—on the Lord's day,—
Let me spend each sacred hour;
Let me feel the quickening influence
Of His resurrection power.
Let me view Him as my Saviour,
Once for all enthroned above;
Let me taste anew the sweetness
Of His resurrection love.

DAY OF FREEDOM.

"Then the same day at evening, being the first day of the week, when the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews, came Jesus, and stood in the midst, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you."—"And after eight days again, His disciples were within, and Thomas with them: then came Jesus, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst, and said, Peace be unto you."—John 20: 19, 26.

DAY of freedom sweet and holy!
Glad we hail thy bursting rays;
Fain would we, with spirits lowly,
Spend thine hours in prayer and praise.

Jesus, Master, deign to bless us;
May we sweetly rest in Thee;
As from toil Thou dost release us,
So from sin now make us free.

Freed from all the cares of business,
On Thy breast we would recline;
May Thy Spirit gently witness
With our hearts, that we are Thine.

With th' assurance of Thy favor,
  Hush to peace each inward strife,
While Thy word shall prove the savor
  Of a soul-transforming life.

Hail the day which God's Anointed
  From the bands of death released!
Hail the day by Heaven appointed
  Pledge of an eternal rest!

AN EVENING HYMN OF PRAISE.

"It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto Thy name, O Most High;—to show forth Thy loving-kindness in the morning, and Thy faithfulness every night.—For Thou, Lord, hast made me glad through Thy work: I will triumph in the works of Thy hands."—"The Lord will command His loving-kindness in the day-time; and in the night His song shall be with me."—Ps. 92: 1, 2; 42: 8.

THY song shall be with me, O God, in the night,
Ere slumber my eyelids shall close;
I will find in Thy worship unmingled delight,
As my spirit is hushed to repose.

I will sing of the proofs, in the works Thou hast made,
Of Thine infinite wisdom and power;
I will sing of Thy goodness so richly displayed
In the multiform gifts of each hour.

I will sing of Thy love which in Christ is revealed,—
Of the griefs which for me He endured,—
Of the blood which Thy covenant of mercy hath sealed,
And the gift of redemption procured.

I will sing of that land where no sorrows intrude,
No storm-cloud or night shall return,
But each beauteous scene shall with rapture be viewed
In the light of perpetual morn.

I LAID ME DOWN AND SLEPT.

"I laid me down and slept; I awaked; for the Lord sustained me."—Ps. 3 : 5.

I LAID me down and slept;
Thy power sustained my breath;
Else silent o'er my frame had crept
The chilling hand of death.

I laid me down and slept,
From ill securely free:
Oh! may the life which Thou hast kept,
Be given alone to Thee.

A THANKSGIVING HYMN.

"O that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men."—Ps. 107: 8.

My Father, I praise Thee, whose goodness extends
As wide as the wants of Thy creatures demand.
How countless the favors Thy providence sends!
How varied the gifts of Thy bountiful hand!
Where'er I abide, or where'er I may rove,
Through city or country, o'er mountain or glen,
Enraptured I gaze on the proofs of Thy love
In Thy wonderful works toward the children of men

On Thy hand doth the weakness of infancy rest,
Upheld and supplied by Thy provident care;
By childhood and youth is Thy bounty confessed;
In manhood how freely Thy mercies we share!

E'en down to old age doth Thy goodness extend,
Unmarked by the limit of three score and ten.
So benignly on each do Thy blessings descend
In Thy wonderful works toward the children of men!

But in costlier gifts, when our ransom was paid,
Did Thy wisdom the strength of Thy kindness reveal—
The Son of Thy love on the altar was laid!
And Thy Spirit Thou gavest His mission to seal!
What riches of mercy, in radiant lines,
Were displayed to the view of the universe then!
Unveiling the depth of Thy gracious designs
In Thy wonderful works toward the children of men!

Oh! ne'er may the gifts of Thy grace be despised,
Or the guilty the claims of Thy mercy disown;
I accept of the pardon Thy love has devised,
As in thankful contrition I bow at Thy throne.
But Oh! when I reach the bright mansions above,
With my glorified powers I will praise Thee again,—
The theme of my song Thine unspeakable love
In Thy wonderful works toward the children of men.

NATIONAL THANKSGIVING.

[1863.]

"Unto Thee, O God, do we give thanks, unto Thee do we give thanks; for that Thy name is near Thy wondrous works declare."—Ps. 75 : 1.

Oh! praise the God of mercies,
  Whose kind and bounteous hand
His varied gifts disperses
  Wide o'er our favored land!
He gives us life and reason;
  He gives us food and health;
While each returning season
  Renews its stores of wealth.

Praise Him for social pleasures,—
  For pure affection's glow,
Exceeding all the treasures
  Which wealth could e'er bestow.

Praise Him for freedom's blessing,—
For wise and wholesome laws,—
For signs of good expressing
The strength of virtue's cause.

Praise Him whose boundless favor
The word of grace imparts,
With life-renewing savor,
To bless and cheer our hearts.
Oh! let a chastened nation
In humble thanks draw near
To Him whose rich salvation
Has marked and crowned the year.

Though foes have pressed us sorely,
And waged the deadly strife,
His guardian hand securely
Has held the nation's life.
Our cause, by Thee defended,
O God, we trust to Thee,
That peace and freedom, blended,
May reign FROM SEA TO SEA.

HAPPY CHILDREN.

(AS ENJOYING CHRISTIAN INSTRUCTION IN THE FAMILY OR SABBATH SCHOOL.)

"And that from a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation, through faith that is in Christ Jesus."—2 Tim. 3 : 15.

HAPPY children! taught to know,
From the book which God has given,
How to serve Him here below,
How to reign with Him in heaven!

Happy children! taught to tread
Wisdom's ways in early youth!
By its gentle teachings led,
Choose ye now the path of truth.

Happy children! taught to pray
In Immanuel's worthy name,
Seeking freely, as ye may,
Blessings angels ne'er can claim.

Happy children! taught to sing
Of the Saviour's dying love!
Hither, with your voices, bring
Hearts to join the choir above.—

With the winged seraphim,
Here unite to praise His name,
Chanting that celestial hymn,—
"Worthy, worthy is the Lamb.

"Blessing, honor, glory, power,
"Be the Him who fills the throne,
"And the Lamb, for evermore;—
"Thou art worthy, Thou alone."

Happy children! taught to live,
Striving each for others' good!
Freely blessed, as freely give;
Let no selfish thought intrude.

Happy children! when ye die,
With your lives to Jesus given,
Ye shall find His presence nigh,
He will bring your souls to heaven.

COME TO JESUS, LITTLE ONE.

COME to Jesus, little one;
Come to Jesus now;
Humbly at His gracious throne
In submission bow.

At His feet confess your sin;
Seek forgiveness there;—
For His blood can make you clean;
He will hear your prayer.

Seek His face without delay;
Give Him now your heart;
Tarry not, but, while you may,
Choose the better part.

Come to Jesus, little one;
Come to Jesus now;
Humbly at His gracious throne
In submission bow.

[The following hymn, written with special reference to the work which is being performed by the Young Men's Christian Association, is equally adapted to the case of Sabbath School Teachers, and of all who have it within their power to promote the religious benefit of the youth of our land.

Civil warfare for the defence of personal rights, or the maintenance of just government, is usually justified on the ground that it is essentially defensive in its design and character. The Christian warfare, having for its object to restore man from the long usurped dominion of evil to his proper allegiance to God, is necessarily aggressive. As such, however, its "weapons are not carnal," although they may become "mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds." 2 Cor. x, 4, 5.]

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

"And take—the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God."—Eph. 6 : 17.

CHRISTIAN soldier, take thine armor;
Meet the hosts of sin and hell;
Nerve thy spirit for the conflict;
Every thought of fear repel.

Faithful to thy heavenly mission,
Valiant for the cause of truth,
Rescue from the fell destroyer,
While thou may'st, thy country's youth.

Thine is not the deadly contest,
Fraught with crime, or marked with gore;
Truth and kindness are thy weapons,
Wielded by the Spirit's power.

Thine is not some earthly laurel,
Withering on its broken stem;
Living gems of deathless value,
Wait to deck thy diadem.

FELLOW-HELPERS.

"That we might be fellow-helpers to the truth."—3 John, 8.

FELLOW-HELPERS to the truth!
Army of the living God!
Onward to the contest move;
Spread your banners far abroad.
Take the sword the Spirit gives;
Take the pure and living word;
Claim each realm, by Satan held,
In the name of Christ, your Lord.

Fellow-helpers to the truth!
Lift your eyes; the fields are white:
Precious fruit over all the plain
Doth the reaper's toil invite.

Enter now the harvest field,
With united heart and hand:
Hark! a thousand urgent calls
All your energies demand.

Fellow-helpers to the truth!
Witness to its quickening power,
Till the sound of life and peace
Echo back from every shore.
By the love of Christ constrained,
Heaven's appointed work fulfill;
Here present your choicest gifts,
Life and wealth and active zeal

WELCOME, BROTHER, TO THY STATION.

(ORIGINALLY SUNG AT AN ORDINATION.)

"And to esteem them very highly in love for their work's sake."—1 Thess. 5: 13.

WELCOME, brother, to thy station;
Welcome to thy work of love;
Come, commissioned by the Spirit;
Bring thy message from above.

As a chosen, faithful watchman,
Hold thy guard on Zion's wall;
As a Heaven-appointed herald,
Loud proclaim the gospel's call.

Welcome, brother, to thy station;
Welcome to its toils and cares;
Welcome to our hearts' affection;
Welcome to our fervent prayers.

DOXOLOGY.

The Father, the Son, and the Spirit!
The God we, with angels, adore!
Thy blessing we fain would inherit;
The pledge of Thy love we implore.

With the will of the Father in union,
With the grace of Immanuel blest,
With the Spirit in holy communion,
We would e'er in Thy covenant rest.